

GROANS

FROM THE

GRAVE:

OR, A

MELANCHOLY ACCOUNT

OF THE

New Resurrection, practis-
ed in and about *Edinburgh.*

EDINBURGH,

Printed in the Year MDCCXLII.

ER. O. A. M. S.

THE ROMAN

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Groans from the Grave, &c.

Spectators of all Ranks, come and behold
 As melancholy News as e'er was told;
 Since *Nero's* Days that Monster of Man-
 kind,

In any Age the like you'll scarcely find.
 Solidity starts at th' inhuman Act,
 And human Nature shrinks to see the Fact.
 The Blood stands still, and can no Passage
 find,

To see the mangled Bodies of its Kind
 Hash'd, gash'd, cutted with such unskilful
 Art,

Enough to break the obstinatest Heart.

Husbands lament to see their mangled Wives,
 Mothers their Children, who's bereft of lives,
 Fathers their Sons, a Maid bewails her
 Brother,

So every Rank seems to bewail each other.

The

The World in general doth reflect to see,
 This base, this vile, this gross Iniquity.
 Practis'd by Wretches that is void of Sense
 Upon the Flesh of lifeless Innocents.
 When Souls have in their Bodies staid some
 Space,

And lest this World for some eternal Place
 The Body's left, a Piece of lifeless Clay
 To rest in Dust until the latter Day.

And sacred Oracles declare 'tis best,
 Persons that's dead, in Dust should quiet rest
 But our inhuman Brutes doth judge it best
 To have two Resurrections at the least.

No *Sudduces* among them you can find,
 Those wretched Monsters of the human Kind
 Debauched with Vice intoxicate with Wine
 Haters of Nature's Laws or ought Divine
 Stark Dunces of what they should real pro
 fess,

Brutes in a Christian Land, they seem
 less.

Shall People in their lifetime something save
 To have their Bodies decent laid in Grave
 Or shall Relations midst their common Sorrow
 To inter their Dead, from others something
 borrow,

An

And shall they to the Church-yard shortly
come,

They'll find the Grave intire, the Coffin toom,
Incens'd with Rage, immediately they stretch
Their Power, to get a Warrant and to search,
And in some Vault, or in some private
Place,

They find the Body lying in Disgrace,
Mangled and cut, and stinking like a Beast. }
Ill smell'd, corrupt, that once was blooming
fair.

Enough to putrify the common Air.

We need not here *Edinburgh's* College
blame,

Nor on the Sons of Learning lay the same,
Their Principles is surely more refin'd,
Virtue's in them, they're to no Vice inclin'd.
Good Reason Malefactors given should be,
To try the Art of brave Anatomie,
Or Persons that deprives themselves of Life,
Fit for nought but th' anatomizing Knife.
But Persons of an honest Reputation,
Who lifts the same, merits his own Damna-
tion.

'Tis only airy, stony Surgeon Lads,
Intoxicate with Wine, debauch'd with
Bauds.

Hastens

Hastens to some remote Country Church-
yard,

The Beadle gets, gives him a large reward
Hires a Ttome-man, sometimes gets a Chair.
And in short Time they compass their desire,
Thou *Cochran*, Monster of Ingratitude,
A Lump of Sin, a Clod of spurious Brood;
From *Inverask*, *Musselburgh* and *Fisberaw*,
Thou fetch the Corps belong'd to Great and
Sma'.

May *Cain's* Curse attend from Heaven's
Hands,

A Fugitive be thou in forreign Lands,
And with thy Wife may'st thou banish'd be,
Who lives and lyes in base Adulterie.

And *H-dd-n* thou vile Wretch of human
Kind,

What strong Presumptions could possess thy
Mind,

To rife Graves, and Bodies dead to sell,
A Crime ne'er practis'd by old Nick himself;
What e'er they were thou never didst re-
spect them,

Bringing them faster than they could dissect
them :

Thy Business was good Bread, without
much Toil,

And human Fat made oft thy pot to Boil.

Thy

Thy House thou built with pretty Rooms,
 tho' small,
 Weell term'd the plundering Ruseurrection
 Hall.

Barrels of Pork; and salted Beef so fine,
 Brandy thou drank, and often times good
 Wine;

But now by a confused Mob we see,
Jerusalem's Curie lights on thy House
 for thee :

Flannels, Coffins, and Things we need not
 name,

Was by the Mob delivered to the Flame,
 And Workmen wrought so well, you may
 believe,

They had no need for to employ a Grieve ;
 Women with Plaids did seperate Lime from
 Stone,

While reverend Pastors gravely looked on.

El——r, Brother to *H-dd-n* as we see,

Shame sa' thy Face if thou as guilty be.

Samuel, a Stain to all the Gardners Craft,

Who hath practis'd this Trade they say
 full ast

In spite of Gods and royal Nature's Law;

He was catcht *Tuesday* last at *Potterraw*,

And in his Box a pleasant pretty Child

Which Waiters took for Goods, but were
 beguil'd :

And

And now he lyes confin'd to bide his Trial,
His Crime is too well known to admit denial.

Cochran and he made such a Trade with
Graves,
Sold Christian Corps like unto *Turkish*
Slaves.

But now the Mob hath turn'd his Goods to
Ruin

None is to blame, he wrought his own un-
doing.

In *Libertoun* the Beadle he is blam'd
And other Folk which needs not here be
nam'd

Richardson Gardner with the Mob was crost
And Westkirk Beadles they have lost their
Post.

Surgeons from South that did attend the
College

Bought Corps and sent them South amongst
their Baggage ;

May they be banish'd to some foreign Land
And for Example like a Mummy stand ;

May each one who practises this vile gate
Enjoy *Ahitophel's* Curse and *Hamon's* Fate
That Mobs have no more Reason to debate.

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